The Blazed Trail

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE

"Do as much as you can in the marsh, Dyer," went on the jobber. "I don't believe it's really necessary to lay off any more there on account of the weather."

"All right," repeated Dyer.

The scaler did what he considered his duty. All day long he tramped back and forth from one gang of men to the other, keeping a sharp eye on the details of the work. His practical experience was sufficient to solve readily such problems as broken tackle, extra expedients or facility which the days brought forth. The fact that in him was vested the power to discharge kept the men at work.

Dyer was in the habit of starting for the marsh an hour or so after sunrise. The crews, of course, were at work by daylight. Dyer heard them often through his doze, just as he heard the chore boy come in to build the fire and fill the water pail afresh. After a time the fire, built of kerosene and pitchy black pine, would get so hot that in self defense he would arise and dress. Then he would breakfast leisurely.

Thus he incurred the enmity of the cook and cookee. Those individuals have to prepare food three times a day for half a hundred eaters, besides which on sleigh haul they are supposed to serve breakfast at 3 o'clock for the loaders and a variety of lunches up to midnight for the sprinkler men. As a consequence they resent infractions of the little system they may have been able to introduce.

Now, the business of a foreman is to be up as soon as anybody. He does none of the work himself, but he must see that somebody else does it and does it well. He must know how a thing ought to be done, and he must be on hand unexpectedly to see how its accomplishment is progressing. Dyer should have been out of bed at first horn blow.

One morning he slept until nearly 10 o'clock. It was inexplicable! He hurried from his bunk, made a hasty toilet and started for the dining room to get some sort of a lunch to do him until dinner time. As he stepped from the door of the office he caught sight of two men hurrying from the cook camp to the men's camp. He thought he heard the hum of conversation in the latter building. The cookee set hot coffee before him. For the rest he took what he could find cold on the table.

Dyer sat down, feeling for the first time a little guilty. This was not because of a sense of a dereliction in duty, but because he feared the strong man's contempt for inefficiency.

"I sort of pounded my ear a little long this morning," he remarked, with an unwonted air of bonhomie.

The cook creased his paper with one hand and went on reading.

"I suppose the men got out to the marsh on time," suggested Dyer, still easily.

The cook laid aside his paper and looked the scaler in the eye.

"You're the foreman; I'm the cook," said he. "You ought to know."

Dyer was no weakling. The problem presenting, he rose to the emergency. Without another word he pushed back his coffee cup and crossed the narrow, open passage to the men's camp.

"How's this, men?" cried Dyer sharply.

When he opened the door a silence fell. He could see dimly that the room was full of lounging and smoking lumbermen. As a matter of fact, not a man had stirred out that morning.

"How's this, men?" cried Dyer sharply. "Why aren't you out on the marsh?"

No one answered for a moment. Then Baptiste:

"He mak' too tam cole for de marsh. Meester Radway he spik dat we kip off dat marsh w'en he mak' cole."

Dyer knew that the precedent was indisputable.

"Why didn't you cut on 'eight' then?" he asked still in peremptory tones.

"Didn't have no one to show us where to begin," drawled a voice in the corner.

Dyer turned on his heel and went out.

The crew worked on the marsh that afternoon and the subsequent days of the week. They labored conscientiously, but not zealously. The work moved slowly. At Christmas a number of the men "went out." Most of them were back again after four or five days, for while men were not plenty neither was work. The equilibrium was nearly exact.

But the convivials had lost to Dyer the days of their debauch. Instead of keeping up to 50,000 a day, as Radway had figured was necessary, the scale would not have exceeded 30,000.

CHAPTER VII.

RADWAY returned to camp by the 6th of January. He went on snowshoes over the entire job and then sat silently in the office smoking. The jobber looked older. The lines of dry good humor about his eyes had subtly changed to an expression of pathetic anxiety. He attached no blame to anybody, but rose the next morning at horn blow, and the men found that they had a new master over them.

Now it became necessary to put the roads in shape for hauling. All winter the blacksmith had occupied his time in fitting the iron work on eight log sleighs which the carpenter had hewed from solid sticks of timber. They were tremendous affairs, with runners six feet apart and bunks nine feet in width for the reception of logs.

The carpenter had also built two immense tanks on runners, holding each some seventy barrels of water and with holes so arranged that on the withdrawal of plugs the water would flood the entire width of the road. The sprinklers were filled by horse power. A chain running through blocks attached to a solid upper framework, like the open belfry of an Italian monastery, dragged a barrel up a wooden track from a water hole to an opening in the sprinkler. When in action this formidable machine weighed nearly two tons and resembled a moving house. Other men had felled two big hemlocks, from which they had hewed beams for a V plow.

The V plow was now put in action. Six horses drew it down the road, each pair superintended by a driver. The machine was weighted down by a number of logs laid across the arms. Men guided it by levers and by throwing their weight against the fans of the plow. It was a gay, animated scene, this, full of the spirit of winter—the plodding, straining horses, the brilliantly dressed, struggling men, the sullen yielding snow thrown to either side, the shouts, warnings and commands. To right and left grew white banks of snow. Behind stretched a broad white path in which a scant inch hid the bare earth.

For some distance the way led along comparatively high ground. Then, skirting the edge of a lake, it plunged into a deep creek bottom between hills. Here earlier in the year eleven bridges had been constructed, and perhaps as many swampy places had been "corduroyed" by carpeting them with long parallel poles. Now the first difficulty began.

Some of the bridges had sunk below the level, and the approaches had to be "corduroyed" to a practicable grade. Others again were humped up like tomcats and had to be pulled apart entirely.

Still that sort of thing was to be expected. A gang of men who followed the plow carried axes and cant hooks for the purpose of repairing extemporaneously just such defects which never would have been discovered otherwise than by the practical experience. Radway himself accompanied the plow. Thorpe, who went along as one of the "road monkeys," saw now why such care had been required of him in smoothing the way of stubs, knots and hummocks.

When the road had been partly cleaned Radway started one of his sprinklers. Water holes of suitable size had been blown in the creek bank by dynamite. There the machines were filled. Stratton attached his horse to the chain and drove him back and forth, hauling the barrel up and down the slide way. At the bottom it was capsized and filled by means of a long pole shackled to its bottom and manipulated by old man Heath. At the top it turned over by its own weight. Thus seventy odd times.

Then Fred Green hitched his team on and the four horses drew the creaking, cumbrous vehicle spouting down the road. Water gushed in fans from the openings on either side and beneath and in streams from two holes behind. Not for an instant as long as the flow continued dared the teamsters breathe their horses, for a pause would freeze the runners tight to the ground. A tongue at either end obviated the necessity of turning around.

That night it turned warmer. The change was heralded by a shift of wind.

"She's goin' to rain," said old Jackson. "The air is kind o' holler."

"Hollow?" said Thorpe, laughing. "How is that?"

"I don' know," confessed Hines, "but she is. She just feels that way."

In the morning the icicles dripped from the roof, and the snow became pockmarked on the surface.

Radway was down looking at the road.

"She's holdin' her own," said he, "but there ain't any use putting more water on her. She ain't freezing a mite. We'll plow her out."

So they finished the job and plowed her out, leaving exposed the wet, marshy surface of the creek bottom, on which at night a thin crust formed.

"She'll freeze a little tonight," said Radway hopefully. "You sprinkler boys get at her and wet her down."

Until 2 o'clock in the morning the four teams and the six men creaked back and forth spilling hardly gathered water. Then they crept in and ate sleepily the food that a sleepy cookee set out for them.

By morning the mere surface of the sprinkled water had frozen. Radway looked in despair at the sky. Dimly through the gray he caught the tint of blue.

The sun came out. Nuthatches and woodpeckers ran gayly up the warming trunks of the trees; blue jays fluffed and perked and screamed in the hardwood tops; a covey of grouse ventured from the swamp and strutted vainly, a pause of contemplation between each step. Radway, walking out on the tramped road of the marsh, cracked the artificial skin and thrust his foot through into icy water. That night the sprinklers stayed in.

The devil seemed in it. Men were lying idle; teams were doing the same. Nothing went on but the days of the year, and four of them had already ticked off the calendar. The deep snow of the unusually cold autumn had now disappeared from the tops of the stumps. It even stopped freezing during the night. At times Dyer's little thermometer marked as high as 40 degrees.

"I often heard this was a sort 'v summer resort," observed Tom Broadhead, "but hanged if I knew it was a summer resort all the year round!"

By and by it got to be a case of looking on the bright side of the affair from pure reaction.

"I don't know," said Radway; "it won't be so bad, after all. A couple of days of zero weather, with all this water lying around, would fix things up in pretty good shape. If she only freezes tight we'll have a good solid bottom to build on."

The inscrutable goddess of the wilderness smiled and calmly, relentlessly, moved her next pawn.

It was all so unutterably simple and yet so effective. It snowed.

All night and all day the great flakes zigzagged softly down through the air. Radway plowed away two feet of it. The surface was promptly covered by a second storm. Radway doggedly plowed it out again.

This time the goddess seemed to relent. The ground froze solid. The sprinklers became assiduous in their labor. Two days later the road was ready for the first sleigh, its surface of thick, glassy ice beautiful to behold, the ruts cut deep and true, the glades sanded or sprinkled with retarding hay on the descents. At the river the banking ground proved solid. Radway breathed again, then sighed. Spring was eight days nearer. He was eight days more behind.

As soon as loading began the cook served breakfast at 3 o'clock. The men worked by the light of torches, which were often merely catchup jugs with wicking in the necks. Nothing could be more picturesque than a teamster conducting one of his great pyramidical loads over the little inequalities of the road, in the ticklish places standing atop with the bent knee of the Roman charioteer, spying and forestalling the chances of the way with a fixed eye and an intense concentration that relaxed not one inch in the miles of the haul. Thorpe had become a full fledged cant hook man.

He liked the work. There is about it a skill that fascinates. A man grips suddenly with the hook of his strong instrument, stopping one end that the other may slide. He thrusts the short, strong stock between the log and the skid, allowing it to be overrun. He stops the roll with a sudden sure grasp applied at just the right moment to be effective. Sometimes he allows himself to be carried up bodily, clinging to the cant hook like an acrobat to a bar, until the log has rolled once, when, his weapon loosened, he drops lightly, easily to the ground. And it is exciting to pile the logs on the sleigh, first a layer of five, say; then one of four smaller, of but three, of two, until at the very apex the last is dragged slowly up the skids, poised and just as it is about to plunge down the other side is gripped and held inexorably by the little men in blue flannel shirts.

Chains bind the loads. And if ever during the loading or afterward when the sleigh is in motion the weight of the logs causes the pyramid to break down and squash out, then woe to the driver or whoever happens to be near. For this reason the loaders are picked and careful men.

At the banking grounds, which lie in and about the bed of the river, the logs are piled into a gigantic skidway to await the spring freshets, which will carry them down stream to the "boom." In that inclosure they remain until sawed in the mill.

Thorpe, in common with the other men, had thought Radway's vacation at Christmas time a mistake. He could not but admire the feverish animation that now characterized the jobber. Every mischance was as quickly repaired as aroused expedient could do the work.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON, As Seen by His Associates

THE SMALLNESS OF THE MAN

XIV.

NUMEROUS instances of Napoleon's smallness and even pettiness of mind are found in the reminiscences of the men and women who shared his daily life. He was a "bad loser" in any enterprise whatsoever, and if luck was against him he invariably resorted to sulks or trickery. Says the Duchesse d'Abrantes:

"Even at chess he always managed to regain possession of his two bishops. He did not like any one to remark upon it seriously and was always the first to laugh at it himself, but he was clearly annoyed if too much stress were laid upon it, and, after all, as he never played for money, there was more reason to laugh than to be annoyed at it."

He was haunted by mean suspicions. His minister of police, Fouche, writing of his system of surveillance, declares:

"This odious and secret militia was inherent in a system raised and maintained by the most suspicious and mistrustful man that perhaps ever existed."

And also:

"The tragic death of Paul I. of Russia inspired Bonaparte with melancholy ideas and made his disposition still more suspicious and mistrustful. He dreamed of nothing but conspiracies in the army and caused several general officers to be arrested, among others Humbert, whom I had some difficulty in saving from his inflexible severity."

He was morbidly sensitive on the point of social and political conspiracies which kept up a fire in the rear while he was abroad winning victories. Says Fouche:

"He owned to me that in battle, in the greatest dangers and even in the midst of deserts he had always in view the good opinion of Paris, and especially of the Faubourg St. Germain. He was Alexander the Great constantly directing his thoughts toward Athens."

He interfered in the most arbitrary manner with the costumes of his empress and the court ladies. "You are aware that I am very knowing in matters of dress," he once wrote to the French ambassador to Russia. Mlle. Avrillion, an attendant of Josephine, says:

"It was a most extraordinary thing for us to see the man whose head was filled with such vast affairs enter into the most minute details of the female toilet, and of what dresses, what robes and what jewels the empress should wear on such and such an occasion. One day he daubed her dress with ink because he did not like it and wanted her to put on another. Whenever he looked into her wardrobe he was sure to throw everything topsy turvy."

On the occasion of his marriage with Maria Louisa he went out of his way to rebuke a lady of the court, saying to her rudely: "This is the same gown you wore the day before yesterday! What's the meaning of this, madame? This is not right, madame."

"He was unable to endure the dominion even of his own institutions," says Mme. de Remusat, who lived so long as the companion of Josephine that she became a part of the household and court.

"All about him suffered from ennui. He did so himself and frequently complained of the fact, resenting to others the dull and constrained silence which was in reality imposed by him. I have heard him say: 'It is a singular thing. I have brought together a lot of people to amuse themselves. I have arranged every sort of pleasure for them, and here they are with long faces, looking tired.'

"'That,' replied Talleyrand, 'is because pleasure cannot be summoned by the beat of the drum, and here, just as when you are with the army, you always seem to say to us all, "Come, ladies and gentlemen, forward, march!"'"

When the court was at Fontainebleau, thirty-seven miles from Paris, Napoleon insisted upon having two plays a week in the palace theater. Only the best actors of the Comedie Francaise at Paris performed in these plays, and the emperor personally supervised the entire arrangements, sometimes demanding another play and other actors on the morning of the day the piece was to be acted. "I wish it to be so. It is your business to find the means," he would say to the grand chamberlain, M. de Remusat, who was the director of court theatricals. Then messengers would be dispatched posthaste for the requisite "property" and persons, the whole day passing in excitement and suspense for the principals involved. Finally, after infinite trouble and worry on all sides, the play would be produced, and Napoleon, sitting preoccupied in his box, would fall into a reverie or go to sleep. Said Talleyrand to M. de Remusat, "Yours is an impossible task—amusing the Unamusable."

His personality was more than masterful; it was overbearing to the point of petty persecution, and that, too, on occasions when a ruler on trial should appear at his best.

"The absence of the emperor was always a relief," says Mme. de Remusat. "If people did not speak more freely they seemed better able to breathe, and this sense of alleviation was especially to be observed in persons connected with his government.

"When he had, to use his own expression, roused up everybody all around, he felt satisfied with the terror he had excited and, appearing to forget what had passed, resumed his customary way of life.

"If anybody had been conscious of real superiority of any kind he must needs have endeavored to hide it, and it is probable that, warned by a sense of danger, everybody affected dullness or vacuity when those qualities were not real.

"I occasionally heard him speak of Mme. de Stael. The hatred he bore her was unquestionably founded in some degree upon that jealousy with which he was inspired by any superiority which he could not control, and his words were often characterized by a bitterness which elevated her in spite of himself and lowered him in the estimation of those who listened to him."

Cheap ridicule made Napoleon wince, and cheap flattery was not wasted on him. He rebuked his minister of police for not suppressing the witty sayings and contemptuous remarks current in Paris and aimed at him, which circulated in camp through the mail.

"He loved praise from no matter what lips, and more than once he was duped by it," says Mme. de Remusat. "There were men who had influence over him because their compliments were inexhaustible. Unfailing admiration, no matter how foolishly expressed, never failed to please him."

He delighted in making kings wait his pleasure in the antechamber and at St. Helena kept up a petty court, with the people stiffly posing before him as they should in the presence of a monarch on the throne.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

NAPOLEON IN 1799.
[After a painting by Guerin.]

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

Corrected to Apr. 12, 1904.

South Bound	121	103	101
Lv. Cincinnati	.....	6:00pm	8:30am
Lv. Louisville	7:30am	9:44pm	12:01pm
Lv. Owensboro	*9:00am	6:35pm	.....
Lv. Evansville	8:30am	4:00pm	.....
Lv. Hopkinsville	12:45pm	.....	.....
Lv. Princeton	2:38pm	2:35am	4.45pm
Ar. Paducah	4:15pm	3:52am	6:00pm
Lv. Paducah	4:20pm	3:57am	6:05pm
Ar. Fulton	6:00pm	5:10am	7:10pm
Ar. Memphis	.....	8:55am	10:50pm
Ar. N. Orleans	.....	8:30pm	10:25am

North Bound	122	102	104
Lv. N. Orleans	.....	8:15pm	9:15am
Lv. Memphis	.....	8:00am	8:50pm
Lv. Fulton	6:00am	11:40am	12:35am
Ar. Paducah	7:40am	12:45pm	1:43am
Lv Paducah	7:50am	12:55pm	1:48am
Ar. Princeton	9:30am	2:06pm	2:57am
Ar. Hopkinsville	.....	3:50pm	.....
Ar. Evansville	.....	6:45pm	10:10am
Ar. Owensboro	*5:00pm	*6:25pm	8:15am
Ar. Louisville	4:55pm	7:00pm	7:50am
Ar. Cincinnati	.....	7:25am	11:40am

CAIRO-HOPKINSVILLE LINE.

North Bound.	135-835	101-801
Lv Hopkinsville	6:40 am	12:45pm
Lv Princeton	7:45 am	4:40 pm
Ar Paducah	9:25 am	6:00 pm
Lv Paducah	9:30 am	7:30pm
Ar Cairo	11:35 am	9:30 pm
Ar St. Louis	6:10 pm	7:08 am
Ar Chicago	10:50 pm	8:06 am

South Bound	136-836	822-122
Lv Chicago	8:25 am	6:20 pm
Lv St. Louis	1:30 pm	8:40 pm
Lv Cairo	5:25 pm	6:00 am
Ar Paducah	7:30 Pm	7:45 am
Lv Paducah	7:40 pm	7:50 am
Ar Princeton	9:15 pm	9:30 am
Ar Hopkinsville	10:25 pm	.....

ST. LOUIS DIVISION.

North Bound	306	374
Lv. Paducah	12:40pm	4:30pm
Ar. Chicago	4:30am	8:05am
Ar. St. Louis	7:30pm	7:08am

South Bound	305	375
Lv. St. Louis	7:20am	8:10pm
Ar. Chicago	2:50am	6:20pm
Ar. Paducah	3:00pm	7:45am

Trains marked thus * run daily except Sunday. All other trains run daily.

Trains 103 and 104 carry through sleepers between Cincinnati, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 101 and 102 sleepers between Louisville, Memphis and New Orleans. Trains 801 and 822 sleepers between Paducah and St Louis.

For further information, reservations, tickets, etc., call on or address J. T. Donovan, Agent, Paducah, Ky., G. A. Little, ticket agent, Union Depot, Paducah, Ky., C. C. McCarty, D. P. A., St. Louis; John A. Scott, A. G. P. A., Memphis; A. H. Hanson, G. P. A., Chicago, Ill; F. W. Harlow, D. P. A., Louisville, Ky.

NEW TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

List of new subscribers added by the East Tennessee Telephone company today:

530-4—Snell, K. D. Residence Cairo road.

1620—Chase, Mrs. Residence Arcadia.

622 red—Patton, Jim, Residence Epperson, Ky.

1667 a—Minnich, W. F. Insurance Fraternity Building.

1677—Rouse, Jake, Residence Littleville.

1675—Pryor, Epoiler Residence 382 Mill street.

Remember we give free country service, complete, long distance connections, and a list of over 2000 subscribers for the same price our competitors charge for less than half the local service.

CORRECTED DAILY

Surplus Wheat Crop of 1901.

The world's wheat surplus of the crops of 1901 is put at 13 million quarters, about half as much as the United Kingdom uses yearly.